SIN AGAINST NEGRO RACE.

Seriousness of Ex-Congressman Murray's Crime.

Conviction of Successful South Carolina Negro of Forgery Bound to be Used as Argument Against Education for Negroes.

His Career and the Temptation Which Resulted in His Downfall.

Washington, May 25.—"Another crime against the negro race" is the comment heard on every side among the friends of the black man on hearing that George Washingon Murray, the colored ex-member of Congress from South Carolina, had been convicted of forgery. This is the way in which all such things are viewed here now. It is recognized that the negro citizen is on trial and that his whole future may depend upon the way he meets his responsibilities when he has had the advantage of an "education," and opportunity has opened before him.

Murray's "education" came a little hard, but he got it, and the difficulties that compassed its acquisition were expected to prove blessings in disguise in developing his character and making a man of him and an example to his people. Their first effect, however, seemed to be to increase his self-importance. The biography he furnished for the Congressional Directory on his admission to the House of Representatives tells quite a story to one who reads it between the lines:

Georeg Washington Murray was born September 22, 1858, of slave parents, near Rembert, Sumter County, S. C. Emancipation found him a lad of eleven summers, bereft of both parents, thrown upon the rugged shores of early emancipation, after a cruel and dehumanizing war had deprived the population of almost all the finer sensibilities of human sympathy and philanthropy.

Without a friend upon whom to rely for either aid or advice, he entered upon the fierce combat then in progress in an impoverished section for the indispensable bread of life. Among the waifs of his neighborhood, in 1866, he picked up his alphabet and acquired an imperfect and crude pronunciation of monosyllables. During the next five years he so industriously applied himself in efforts to improve his meagre stock of knowledge that in January, 1871, he entered while in session for the first time a day school, but as teacher, not as scholar. He taught until the fall of 1874, when he successfully passed a competitive examination and obtained a scholarship as subfreshman in the reconstructed University of South Carolina.

Having passed through his alma mater to his junior year, the accession to power of an administration unfriendly to the co-education of the races (1876) forced him without her doors. He re-entered the public schools of his county as teacher, and was successfully employed until February, 1890.

His description of his struggle for nomination and election, in which he was opposed by everybody of influence and power in his own neighborhood—according to his way of thinking—is equally characteristic. If he had continued the narrative further, he might have told how he obtained his certificate of election only by a trade with the Populist element at his home, a favor which he reciprocated by making a speech in support of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the time when all the other Republicans in Congress, except a handful from the West, were helping President Cleveland in his effort to repeal the Sherman Act. Murrray apparently was unable to understand why the white Republicans did not warm up to him thereafter as he felt they ought to, and why, when he appeared as a contestant for a seat in a later Congress, none of the McKinley wing of his party was willing to take an active hand in his fight.

However, Murray was no worse in his notion that politics and business and morals are separate and unrelated interests, than many a white politician is. He was simply imitative. After he had got through fooling with office-seeking he went back to his State to stay, and resumed a calling which, thanks to his native cleverness, had proved pretty profitable already and seemed destined to grow more so. Long ago he had made up his mind that what the Southern negro most needed was a home of his own, with a sense of independence, and that the man who could furnish such homes might make a lot of money in the process. So he took his own earnings and what other capital he could scrape together and command and bought by degrees between 4,000 and 5,000 acres of agricultural land when the old planters who owned it were in need of cash and willing to sell cheap. This area he cut up into small holdings and planted negro colonies on them. In the choice of colonists he showed a good deal of intelligence and a thrifty spirit, taking only those of fair repute and industrious habit, and trying wherever practicable, to keep relatives together. The little farms were of a size which could be cared for by a man and his wife and children, if they all turned in and worked hard. From the head of the family he took a series of promissory notes aggregating the full price fixed for the farm, the notes representing equal instalments of the purchase money, and maturing far enough apart to afford a reasonable assurance that the makers would be able to redeem them when due unless some unforseen misfortune should occur.

Each batch of notes was secured by a bond between Murray and his customer, so conditioned that, although Murray was obligated to give a deed in fee at the end of the full term, in the meantime he was to have a lien on the crops as well as on the land. This was a shrewd sheeme, and the white people in the country round about generally encouraged it; as it tended to bring a decent and hardworking lot of negroes into their part of the State. Everything might have gone well, and Murray might have become one of the richest and most respected colored citizens of South Caroilna, if he had not, within a little while, done just what the Southern white is accustomed to prophesy of practically all educated negroes—used his education for the promotion of a fraud in his own interest. He had gone on accumulating land till he owned or controlled something like 8,000 acres all of which he was turning to account by his system of business enterprise with incidental philanthropy, when one of his exemplary contracts led the way to his ruin.

He had made a sale after the usual fashion to two grossly ignorant but industrious negroes, when in midterm, along came a railroad and set up a station where it was bound greatly to enhance the value of this particular property. The temptation was more than Murray could resist, and he forged a new bond and substituted it for the original, changing the conditions so as to give him and not the purchasers the benefit of the adventitious profit. In the course of a law suit last year he had occasion to put this forged bond in evidence, so that thereafter there was no retreat for him, the record being final proof of his perfidy. In due time he was indicted, and at the recent trial he was convicted and will probably have to serve a term in the Penitentiary.

What happens to Murray is of infinitesimal consequence as compared with the question what a backset American negroes at large will suffer from his offence. That is what makes men of all parties denounce such an act as his as a crime against a race. Unhappily, it is a fact which cannot be blinked, that the inferior races, thrown among Caucasians, suffer more damage proportionately from men of their own blood than from the Caucasians. Whoever knows the Indian situation intimately will coufirm this view as regards the Indians; everyone acquainted with life in the Chinese quarter of the Pacific coast cities will give like testimony as to the Chinese; and all kind-hearted Southerners will agree that the brunt of their trouble in trying to protect the ignorant and helpless negro is caused by the colored brother who is "smarter." Just as the savage, on receiving any gift or acquiring any new art, thinks first of the use to which he can put it in overcoming his enemies and promoting his own ambitions, so the first thought of many members of the inferior races, on their introduction to civilization, is how they can turn this to their own profit in their relations with the poor creatures whom they have left behind in the contest. It is the knowledge of this tendency that handicaps so sadly the efforts of the unselfish teacher, and gives the pessimist and the scoffer their most effective ammunition. The bad things Murray has done will cling in the minds of the critics of negro education long after the practical good he did has passed out of memory; and with a fine sense of fitness it will be charged to the discredit of the whole negro population, and to any and all plans for lifting it above the plane on which the Lord first set it down.

Yet of course there is no more logic in laying the blame of an occasional crime to the innocent instrumentality which was employed in its commission, than there would be in abolishing forks from civilized tables because at rare intervals a diner has used one to stab his neighbor. Every year thousands of persons are drawn into the vortex of speculation for the first time. Here and there one thinks he has discovered a "system" by which he can always win and never lose. Does this occasional folly prove the insanity of all those who try a short cut to fortune? In strictly legitimate trade, it is one argument against banking that now and then a new concern thinks that it can expand its business far past the limits set by the experience of centuries, and goes down in disaster. To Murray the moral aspects of his trick were probably clouded over by the practical possibili- of gain. He had become hynotized by his success, and the passing opportunity drew him along. Bigger and wiser men than he have been caught in the same way. There was more of that sort of thing going on among the white race in an earlier stage of its civilization than now. We cannot hope to make over the whole negro contingent in our population in a night, or to escape an occasional case like Murray's; but what such an offence really proves is not that the offender is over-educated, but that he has not been educated enough.—New York Evening Post.

The Khyengs' First Woman.

The Khyengs of Burma are probably the only race or tribe of people that have any tradition of the origin of the human race that do not have a man or male human being in some way connected with that important event. The Khyeng genesis opens in this wise: "In the beginning of the world, after the sun, moon and stars had appeared, the earth by its own inherent power of productiveness brought forth a female creature, which was called Hleeneu. She laid 100 eggs and hatched them in cotton wool, and from them sprang 100 human beings, the progenitors of the different races." The least that can be said of this curious belief is that it is a fine illustration of the multiple theory as applied to the origin of the human race.

On the Installment Plan.

Mrs. Browne—Oh, what lovely wedding presents! Such beautiful silverware and such rare china! Wasn't it nice to get such presents?

Mrs. Greene—Yes, it was, but we are now beginning to pay for them on the installment plan.

Mrs. Browne—Pay for them? On the installment plan? Why, Mrs. Greene, what do you mean?

Mrs. Greene—Why, the young people who gave us wedding presents are getting married, and we have to send them wedding presents.—Lippincott's.

Another Word For It.

"Henry," said Mrs. Smudgers, glancing over the front page of the newspaper, "what do they mean when they say that one train telescoped another?"

"They mean, my dear, that it rushed right into it. It is a bad kind of collision."

"Collision? Then why don't they call it a collideoscope instead of a telescope?"—Kansas City Journal.

Bestowing Crosses of Honor.

The Dick Anderson Chapter Daughters of Confederacy, will on Friday, June 3, at 10.30 a. m., (Jefferson Davis' birthday) bestow Crosses of Honor at the Armory on the following veterans:

Avin, J. R., Co. C, Palmetto Bat.
Barrett, J. W. Co. I, 1st Reg. S. C. Cavalry.
Bradford, J. W., Co. B, 5th Bat. S. C. Reserves.
Brown, J. S. R., Co. B, 5th Bat. S. C. Reserves.
Brown, R. S., Co. G, Hampton Legion.
Brunsoon, Joel E., Co. B, 5th Bat. S. C. Reserves.
Burkett, T. H., Co. D, 2d Reg. S. C. V.
Cain, W. O., Co. B, White's Bat. Cadets.
China, A. J., Asst. Surgeon, C. S. A.
Dinkins, W. J., Co. D, 7th Reg. S. C. Cavalry.
Duncan, D. P., Co. A. State Cadets.
Foxworth, J. A., Co. B, 5th Batln. S. C. Reserves.
Fraser, W. W., Co. K, 9th Reg. S. C. V.
Hair, W. W., 9th Regt. S. C. V.
Hancock, George, Co. G, 20th Reg. S. C. V.
Harby, Horace, Co. C. White's Bat. Artillery.
Hodge, O. T., Co. G, 23rd Regt. S. C. V.
Jennings, Richd., Co. C, Culpepper's Bat.
Jones, S. J., Co. G, Palmetto Bat.
Lewis, Joseph, Co. K, 23d Regt.
Mack, R. M., Co. B, 5th Bat. S. C. Reserves.
Mims, Henry, Co. E, 7th Bat. S. C. V.
Moses, A. J., Co. B, 5th Bat. S. C. Reserves.
Nettles, J. A., Palmetto Bat. Artillery.
Norton, W. B., Co. C, Palmetto Bat. Artillery.
Partin, W. A., Co. G, 29th Reg. S. C. V.
Rogers, R. M., Co. H, 5th Reg. S. C. Cavalry.
Scaffe, T. C., Co. A, Palmetto Bat.
Scarborough, W. D., Co. E, Palmetto Bat.
Warren, A. G., Walters' Lt. Bat. Artillery.
Wells, D. W., Co. A, 9th Reg. S. C. V.
Wilson, ——, Co. F, 8th Reg. S. C. V.
Witherspoon, R. H., Co. G, Palmetto Bat. Artillery.

Letter to R. L. Edmunds,

Sumter, S. C.

Dear Sir: The late president of the Croton River bank, at Brewsters, N. Y, built the finest house in all that region in 1884 and painted it with lead-and-oil at a cost of $400—the house cost $3.,000.

In 1887—three years—he repainted it with Devoe at a cost of $350. In 1897 his paint was in good condition.

Lead-and-oil, $400, three years. Devoe $350, ten years.

Yours truly
55 F W Devoe & Co

P. S.—L. B. Durant sells our paint.

HIGH NOON.

Originally It Was 3 o'Clock In the Afternoon.

The word "noon" is originally derived from the Latin nona hora, the ninth hour of the Romans, the 3 o'clock of today, but no clew is given as to when or why the change took place which made "noon" mean midday, or 12 o'clock.

This will be discovered if we go back to early times, for then great deference was paid to Saturday afternoon as a preparation for the Sabbath, when work was eased all over the land. In 958 King Edgar in his ecclesiastical laws laid it down that "Sabbath shall be observed from Saturday 'noon' till light appears on Monday morning." Johnson, commenting upon this, says "noon" is 3 o'clock, and remained so till the reformation.

How, then, came it to mean 12 o'clock? In this way: Monks, by their rules, were not to dine till they had sung their "nones," or noontide service. When midday, 12 o'clock, began to be the time of eating and drinking the monks, who were also the masters of language in the dark ages, anticipated both their devotions and their meals by singing "nones" immediately after the 12 o'clock service. Thus the "noon" of old was merged into the "noon" of today, and for a time distinction was made between the two by calling 12 o'clock noon and 3 o'clock "high noon," as it appears in "The Shepherd's Almanack."

Quite as Satisfactory.

"I want to ask you something, Gracie," said the beautiful heiress.

"What is it, Duckie?" the duke inquired.

"Would you object if I should request the minister to omit the word 'obey' from the service when we are married?"

"Certainly not. He can just make it 'love, honor and supply.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

To Get Rid of Rats.

After all other remedies fail, there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can live for a very long time without food and when hard pressed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore if every possible means of obtaining water is taken from the rats they will desert the vicinity.

Very Pathetic.

"What can be more pathetic," said the sentimental woman, "than a man who has loved and lost?"

"Well," replied the man of experience, "a fellow who has bet on a sure thing and lost cuts quite a figure in the pathetic line."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lachrymal Amelioration.

"Poor thing! Did she take her husband's death much to heart?"

"Why, she's prostrated with grief! She can't see a soul except the dressmaker."—Town Topics.

STUPIDITY OF SHEEP.

The Way These Exasperatingly Foolish Animals Court Death.

A sheep herder gives some of his experience in handling sheep on the western ranges in the following:

We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to commit suicide. In handling most animals some degree of self help or intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves.

If caught in a storm on the plains, they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move 100 yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral 200 feet away.

In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up, they all move "down wind" until stopped by the fence. Then commences the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as "piling." The sheep will climb over one another's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those on the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do.

Again, if a sheep gets into quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow the leader to destruction. No more exasperatingly stupid animal than a sheep walks.

A RABBIT CAT.

The Manx Tailless Feline Was Once a Seacoast Freak.

It seems probable that the tailless Manx cats originally came from Cornwall. They managed to survive longer as a distinct breed in the Isle of Man than in Cornwall, the predominance of the common tailed cat being of course aided in the latter district by the fact that, although remote, it is part of the mainland of England, whereas new cats could be carried to the Isle of Man only by sea. The Manx cat which first attracted modern attention was a very different animal from the variously colored specimens which now take prizes at cat shows. It was always of the color of a hare and had fur like a hare.

Like a hare, too, it always moved its hind legs together. Its chief food was crabs caught on the beach, and when transported inland from the seacoasts it very seldom, if ever, survived long. No cat of this kind has been seen for many years in the Isle of Man, though there are plenty of tailless cats, its crossed descendants, to be purchased there. Wherever it originally came from, the Cornish or Manx cat was more nearly a separate species than any kind of show cat now existing. It was a seacoast animal, with fur, color, absence of tail and method of locomotion obviously adapted by the inheritance of ages to its habit of catching crabs and other small life behind the ebbing tide.

Gorki's Offhand Autoblography.

Maxime Gorki, the Russian novelist, was requested by his publisher to write his own biography. Taking up a pen, he wrote the following:

1878—I became an apprentice to a shoemaker.
1879—I entered a draftsman's office as apprentice.
1880—Kitchen boy on board a packet boat.
1884—I became a street porter.
1885—Baker.
1886—Chorister in a traveling opera company.
1887—I sold apples in the streets.
1888—I attempted suicide.
1890—A lawyer's copying clerk.
1891—I made the tour of Russia on foot.
1892—I worked in a railway shop. In the same year I published my first story.

The Wily Quaker.

A Quaker had his house broken into by a burglar and several valuables stolen. He did not inform the police, however, but kept the affair to himself.

The following evening a neighbor remarked to him: "I am sorry to hear of your house being robbed, Mr. Fry. I hope your loss is not heavy?"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou must know the extent of my loss as well as I can do since thou art the burglar. I spoke not to a soul of what had happened, and thou art the first to mention it to me; hence I know thou art the burglar and will trouble thee for my property." He got it.

Corncob Pipes.

The first cob pipes were not made in Franklin county, Mo., but at Warrensburg. Fritz Tibbs, a German cabinetmaker, who resided in Warrensburg in the early seventies, used to whittle them out with a jackknife. He afterward moved to Washington, Franklin county, where he engaged with his brother in the manufacture of cob pipes and became wealthy.—Warrensburg (Mo.) Standard-Herald.

Dr. Bartlett and Margaret Fuller.

In regard to brilliant Margaret Fuller the following story is told by Senator Hoar in his reminiscences: "Old Dr. Bartlett, a very excellent and kind old doctor, though rather gruff in manner, could not abide her. About midnight one very dark, stormy night the doctor was called out of bed by a sharp knocking at the door. He got up and put his head out of the window and said: 'Who's there? What do you want?' He was answered by a voice in the darkness below, 'Doctor, how much camphor can anybody take by mistake without its killing them?' to which the reply was, 'Who's taken it?' And the answer was, 'Margaret Fuller.' The doctor answered in great wrath, 'A peck.'"

"BALDY" MONSON'S SCALP.

How It Was Won by "Lucky" Baldwin in a Faro Game.

"During the time that gambling was in its glory on the Pacific coast," said an old Californian, "'Lucky' Baldwin was easily the most daring chance taker of all the notable argonauts. Baldwin did some amazing stunts in that day of all day and all night drinking, when overmellow men, most of them with riches so suddenly acquired that they hadn't had time to stop and figure on how much they possessed, tried to outvie one another in the capers they cut with the Lady Fortune.

"One night in the late fifties 'Lucky,' as he was then called, walked into the famous old Alcatraz club on Kearney street in San Francisco after having been religiously shunning his bed for about three days and nights running—and in that shape 'Lucky' was, in those days, ready for anything.

"A famous dealer in the Alcatraz club—the biggest gambling establishment on the coast at the time—was 'Baldy' Monson, so called because his poll was bare of hair as a pat of butter, except for a tiny patch that remained right on the crown of his head. It had been a cowlick, and, with consistent stubbornness, it had refused to go when the rest of 'Baldy's' hair had departed.

"Baldwin strolled over to where 'Baldy' Monson was acting as lookout for the faro game, preparatory to taking hold of the box himself, and drawing Monson's head down 'Lucky' began to count the hairs that the dealer had left on the top of his head.

"'How many have you got left?' Baldwin asked of Monson.

"'Eighteen of 'em an inch or more long, the last time they were counted,' soberly replied 'Baldy.' 'There may be some trifling short ones besides in the tuft, but they don't figure.'

"'Eighteen, eh?' said 'Lucky.' 'Well, it's just foolishness to be packing around only eighteen hairs. Turn me the king, open, for $18,000, and if I win your eighteen hairs go with the pot—how's that?'

"'Baldy' glanced inquiringly at the proprietor of the club, who was standing by, and his employer gave him the nod. Monson took the dealer's chair and began the deal. The king won down near the middle of the box, and the proprietor of the club scrawled a check for $18,000 on the Bank of California and handed it over to Baldwin.

"'Lucky' snipped the eighteen hairs off 'Baldy' Monson's head with the razor edged blade of his pocketknife, had the housekeeper at his hotel tie them up in tiny pink ribbon, with a double bow to set them off, and exhibited the tuft in the window of the Bella Union, labeled 'Baldy Monson's Scalp.'"—Washington Post.

Not Without Distinction.

A note of family pride was struck in the conversation between three small Reading boys the other day. The parts played by their respective grandfathers in the civil war were being depicted by two of the boys in vivid colors. The career of each, it seemed, had been halted by confinement in southern prisons, and it was on the latter fact that the lads laid particular stress. The third youth, unable to match these recitals with any military achievement of his own forefathers, preserved an envious silence for awhile and then, not to be outdone, said disparagingly:

"Why, that's not so much. My Uncle Bill was in jail a long time, and he was never in the army at all!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Four Kinds of Liars.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting ligature and cartilage."

Bound to Be Ladylike.

Ethel—What did you do when Gus proposed to you?

Mabel—I was so surprised I puckered up my mouth to whistle, but then I remembered that would be unladylike, so I hurried and pressed my lips against his to keep myself from whistling.

INSECT MIMICS.

Clever Disguises That Save Them From Their Enemies.

A well known naturalist tells us of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of the ants who prey upon it actually ran across it without recognizing it as their food. Mr. Sclater noted in South America another insect, one of the membracidæ, which not only mimicked the leaf cutting ant for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a dime.

Even more wonderful is the disguise of the mantis of Java, which turns itself into so exact a semblance of an orchis flower that the insects upon which it feeds visit it in hope of a feast, but remain to furnish one.

The heliconidæ butterflies, which are avoided by all insect eating creatures, are exactly imitated by another class, which are so good to eat that if they did not assume a protective disguise they would be extirpated, and they do so to such perfection that even expert naturalists sometimes cannot distinguish them. Another authority mentions a small beetle which turned itself into so good a copy of a wasp that he was afraid to touch it with his fingers.

Sources of Color.

An interesting enumeration has been given of the sources of color. From this it appears that the cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet carmine and purple lakes; the octopus gives sepia—that is, the inky fluid which the creature discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked; the Indian yellow comes from the camel; ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black; the exquisite Prussian blue comes from fusing horses' hoofs and pigs' blood; blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stock; Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindoostan; the yellow sap of a Siamese tree produces gamboge; raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Siena, Italy; raw umber is an earth found near Umbria; Indian ink is made from burned camphor; mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago; bistre is the soot of wood ashes; very little ultramarine, obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, is found in the market.

Getting Rid of the Acid.

An exploring expedition in a remote part of China had a queer experience, which one of the party thus relates: "A large bottle of carbolic acid had been broken inside its wooden case. We exhausted our ingenuity in hopeless effort to unscrew the cover. We feared to carry it farther, as the burning tears distilled by it destroyed everything they touched. We dared not throw it aside lest the unsophisticated heathen should drink it as a cheering or medicinal beverage. We had no time to wait and empty it, as the fatal fluid would only trickle drop by drop through a chink which had been cautiously and laboriously excavated with a blunt hunting knife. What were we to do? Degrading as the confession must appear, we had to deposit the torpedo in the middle of the yard and throw bricks at it until it was smashed."

Opals of Various Degrees.

There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious or noble or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasole, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary and the latter from Mexico. The common, or semi-opals, are nonopalescent. The hydrophane, or oculus mundi, is nontransparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cachalong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper, or wood opal, is the petrifaction of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit.

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sacket's Harbor, July 9, 1812, and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage, a 32 pounder, for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives, who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.